

Sweet, Old-Fashioned Notion

by AtLoLevad

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Summary: Happily Ever After isn't a foreign concept to Emma Swan any more.

Sweet, Old-Fashioned Notion

Logically, Emma Swan knew, as the Savior, she'd be bringing happy endings to Storybrooke eventually.

She didn't realize that she would get one too.

Oh sure she had found her parents, found Henry, but so many things, obstacles, were thrown in her way.

Graham. Neal. Hook. Neverland. The Underworld. Zelena. Cora.

God, the list of shitty things that happened to Emma Swan went on and on.

But, maybe, just maybe, all of those obstacles led her to her happy ending.

Her fairy tale moment.

This, right here. This moment was Emma Swan's happy ending.

"Oh my god! This is a disaster!" Emma yelled, pulling her hand away from the open oven door.

A snicker from the kitchen table. "You're the one that thought she could handle throwing a first birthday party."

Emma spun on her socked foot and lobed the patterned dish towel in her hand at Neal's head, "Not helping, Neal!"

Her husband (husband!) caught the towel easily, "You didn't want help, Em! I offered. Your mom offered. Hell, even Regina offered."

Neal paused, a giant grin spread across his face and crinkling at the corners of his eyes, "What was it you said? 'If I can haul us all out of Hell, I can plan a party for a baby'?"

He dissolved into laughter and Emma scowled.

"Okay, okay, clearly that was a mistake," she huffed, inspecting the small burn mark on her forearm. Add it to the list of battle wounds, she thought.

"Come on, Neal," she practically whined a second later, "I need help. Laughing at me isn't going to get Willa's party set up quicker."

Neal pushed away from the table, laughter fading into amused chuckles and steps over to pull Emma into his arms. "I've got this covered, okay? You just work on the decorations and keeping Wills and Henry occupado."

Emma, not typically one to back down from a challenge, agreed quickly. She'd been up at all hours for most of the last week and a half with Willa. The poor thing was teething and only wanted mommy.

(Emma was trying really hard not to be smug about that. Trying and failing.)

So the party thing was sapping her already low energy levels. At this point she was more than happy to give the reins to Neal.

"Is it bad if I pass Willa off to Henry and take a nap?" Emma grinned, only half-joking.

Neal nodded, mock serious, "Yes, that makes you a terrible mother and we'll have to give Willa and Henry both to CPS."

Emma smacked his chest and kissed his cheek, "Thank you."

Neal mock bowed, sweeping his hands with a flourish, "I live to serve, Princess."

"Oh shut up," Emma snarked, no real heat in her tone. She shook her head and headed out of the kitchen to find the kids, leaving Neal to bake a cake.

* * *

><p>Emma watched quietly as Henry helped Willa color in the Pin the Nose on Pinocchio poster.<p>

(August would hate it. Which was the sole reason Emma had suggested it as a party game.)

Their son was so good with his younger siblings. Roland and Daphne idolized him, a consequence of the age difference. But it was Henry

and Willa's bond that Emma loved to see. Biological siblings, they were so similar in their mannerisms. Sometimes it would startle Emma to see Henry's confused look mirrored on Willa's tiny features.

Even though Willa's first word had been 'mama' (Emma was *never* going to let Neal live that down), her favorite word was 'Henwy'.

Right now, the toddler was babbling away, scribbling messily over Henry's precise coloring.

"Do you think I could invite Violet to the party?" Henry asked out of nowhere, causing Emma to do a double take.

"Huh?"

The tips of Henry's ears went red. "Violet. Can I invite her to the party?"

Emma smirked, "Of course you can, Casanova. Your dad and I will even let you leave early if you want to hang out with Violet without a handful of toddlers hanging off of your legs."

Henry rolled his eyes and continued coloring with Willa, but Emma could see the upward curve of his lips.

"Henwy!" Willa pounded her little fist on the coffee table. "No pink!"

"Sorry, sorry," Henry laughed, abandoning his pink crayon and waiting for Willa to hand him a red one.

Emma leaned back against the couch and watched her kids interact. It was weird, having a 17 year old and a 1 year old. It was weird having a brother that was 3, and co-parenting with her step-grandmother, but Emma was learning to just go with it and ignore the twisted family tree.

She stood up and ran a hand over each of her kids' heads before heading back into the kitchen to help Neal.

They were partners in this and it really wasn't fair to let him do all the work.

(Even if her idea of helping was to perch on the countertop and steal licks of frosting.)

* * *

><p>"You set up a good party, Em," Neal said, coming up behind Emma and snaking his arms around her waist. She leaned against his chest and smiled a little as he pressed a kiss against the side of her neck.<p>

"Thanks," she teased, "I did it all by myself and it was so easy."

"Ha!" Neal laughed. "I'll remind you that you tried to frost the baby Elmo cake with purple frosting."

"I didn't grow up with Sesame Street!" Emma defended herself with a wave of her hand.

Before Neal could argue that he hadn't either, Willa screamed, "Mama mama! Dada dada!" from her spot on the picnic blanket with Snow and Charming.

Emma raised an amused eyebrow at Neal and pushed away from his embrace. "What is it, Wills?" She asked, crossing her ankles and plopping down onto the blanket.

"Fower!" The birthday girl squealed, brandishing a slightly squashed daisy.

Emma didn't have to fake the smile that appeared on her face. "What a pretty flower! Where'd you get it?" She looked up to see the goofy grin on her own father's face and said, "Did Gramps give it to you?"

Neal watched as Willa nodded happily, saying, "Amps!" over and over again as she climbed into David's lap and cuddled against his chest. Snow brushed her hand over the baby's golden curls, a wistful look in her eye. She would never quite get over losing 28 years of Emma's life, but their relationship now was so solid it didn't hurt as much.

Neal left Emma with her parents and Willa and decided to take a lap around the yard to make sure everything was going smoothly.

He had been completely serious when he told Emma she had planned a great party. It had been her idea to set up a mini carnival in their backyard. There were silly games and crafts. Geppetto and Granny were performing a fun puppet show for the toddler aged kids.

Robin and Regina were helping with the balloon dart game. Occasionally, Neal could see the former Evil Queen gesture slightly to course correct a wayward dart.

He smiled to himself when she cheered that Cassidy had won the prize.

(It was still weird to Neal that Snow and David had named their son after him. Even weirder was after their return from the Underworld was hearing his name in baby speak. It had taken only a few days for Snow and David to approach him and Emma with the slight name change solution. They'd all agreed right away that it was probably for the best. And so Cassidy Nolan, affectionately nicknamed Butch after the character by his nephew, was rechristened and presented to Storybrooke.)

"Bae!"

Neal spun around at the sound of his name. Or at least one of them, anyway.

"Belle! Papa!" He waved, already squatting down and opening his arms so his own younger sister could run into them.

"Hey, Co!" He gave the two and a half year old a smacking kiss on the cheek. Colette giggled and then escaped his embrace to run off into

the yard.

Neal laughed and stood up to embrace his father and stepmother. Belle happily squeezed him back.

"What took you guys so long?" Neal asked, pulling away from the embrace.

Belle laughed, "Your sister! She's become very headstrong."

"I wonder where she gets that from," Neal interrupted, smiling.

Rumpelstiltskin shook his head, "And when she finally was ready to leave the house, we had to go back because I forgot this."

He held up the gift bag he had been carrying.

"You wanna give that to Willa now?" Neal asked. "She's been opening gifts sporadically."

Father and son looked over to see the girl in question chattering happily to Emma, Snow, and David. Rumpelstiltskin shook his head.

"Leave her be. The gift will still be here later."

Neal nodded and clapped his father on the shoulder, "You know, you're her grandfather too. You're allowed to spend time with her."

"I know, my boy," the Dark One smiled. "I fully intend to spend time with Willa when there are less people vying for her charming attention."

Rolling his eyes at his father's veiled shade at his in-laws, Neal headed back to grab Emma for cake time.

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><p>"Birthday girl is out like a light," Neal announced, collapsing onto the bed next to Emma.<p>

"Told you we should've cut her off after the third whiskey neat," Emma deadpanned. "Henry texted. He'll be home in 15."

Neal lifted his head from the pillow and looked at Emma, "He's been put with Violet all this time?"

"Mmhmm," Emma hummed in response, yawning briefly.

"Kid's got moves!" Neal laughed, curling closer to Emma. "Just like his old man."

"Your moves," Emma snorted, "were coffee and an old carousel. Excuse me for hoping Henry's a little more gentlemanly and creative than that."

"You love my moves!" Neal kissed her neck. "My moves brought Henry and Wills into the world!"

Emma laughed and took Neal's hand. She rested it over her stomach.
"Maybe I do love your moves."

Neal looked from his hand to the bright smile on Emma's face. His forehead creased in thought.

"Are you-?" He grinned.

Emma nodded, "Yeah. Looks like your moves are gonna bring at least one more kid into the world."

"Emma!" Neal let out a happy cry and leaned up to kiss her softly.
"This is so great!"

"It kind of is, isn't it?" Emma's own enthusiasm was a little more muted, but it was still there.

They hadn't been trying for another baby, but then again, they hadn't tried for Henry or Willa either.

Fate had it's own plan, Emma guessed.

And curled against Neal's side, with their daughter sleeping soundly in the room next door, their son spending time with his girlfriend, and a third baby growing inside of her, Emma felt like she couldn't have planned any of it better.

Happily Ever After was such an old-fashioned idea, but god did she love it.

* * *

><p>AN: Hey there! I dabble occasionally in the Swanfire fic world - not too much since the show drives me absolutely insane, but sometimes. _

_This is a straight up AU. I basically wrote what I want to see - the happy Swan-Cassidy-Mills-Charming-Gold family. Characterization is probably a little wonky, but whatever. I had a good time writing this and I hope you guys have a good time reading it. _

Let me know what you think! :)

End
file.